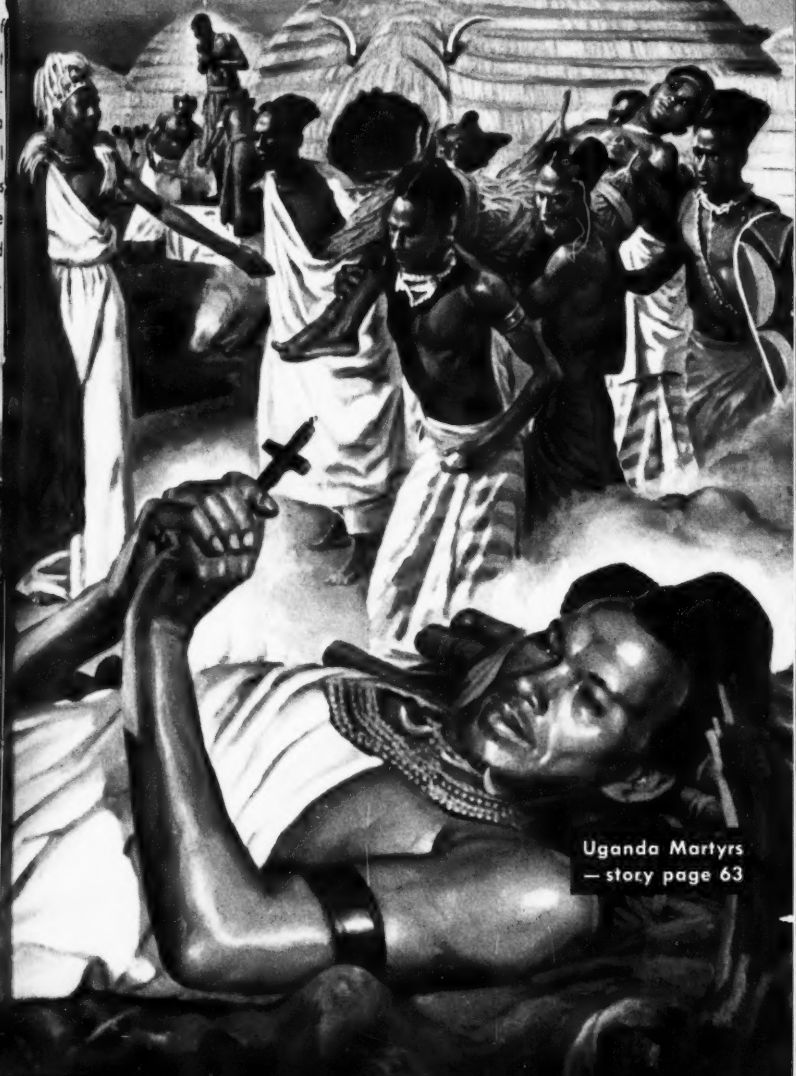


Maryknoll



Uganda Martyrs
— story page 63



BIG MOMENT. First Communion day means much in the life of this Mayan boy of Yucatan. Maryknollers trained him for the big event.

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Maryknoll

MAGAZINE

● **my kingdom for a clothespin**
Hong Kong's "Noodle King," Msgr. John Romaniello, comes up with a unique solution to the problem of drying tons of wet noodles for hungry refugees, page 57.

● **south of the sahara**
A short story about safari tourists, from the lyrical pen of Maryknoll's top fiction writer, Father Tom McGovern: Page 26.

● **man-hunt in puno**
MARYKNOLL readers may want to join the posse and help the sheriff who wrote the off-beat article beginning on page 30—Father Robert Kearns.

● **high hopes — and fears**
Back in the States after touring the Orient, Father Charles Magsam reports a critical struggle going on in Japan between old and new, East and West. Page 41.

... and in between

Summertime may mean easy livin' for some, but not for Maryknoll seminarians caught by the camera of a Charlotte, North Carolina, journalist named Stewart, page 2. Then, for a quick look at what our boys can do when they're on the other side of a 35 mm. lens, turn to page 46. For homemakers, on page 18, we're featuring the second article in our new series on their global counterparts—housewives around the world. (This time, a photo-trip to Peru and a lesson in hope.) Special: "An Exchange of Gifts," page 52.

**Catholic Foreign Mission
Society of America, Inc.**

**"... to those
who love God
all things work
together for good."**

Maryknoll, the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, was established in 1911 by the American bishops to recruit, train, send and support American missionaries in areas overseas assigned to Maryknoll by the Holy Father. Maryknoll is supported by free will offerings and uses no paid agents.

**The Maryknoll Fathers
Maryknoll, New York**



MARYKNOLL is published monthly by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., Maryknoll, New York. Subscription: \$1 a year; \$5 for six years. Second class postage is paid at Maryknoll, N. Y. The title, MARYKNOLL, was registered with the United States Patent Office, June 3, 1958.

Vol. LV No. 3

March, 1961



A personal invitation to attend a street meeting that night is given by Deacon Edward Whelan during his daily visits to the homes of the parish.

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SUMMER MISSIONERS

Maryknoll seminarians train in American mission fields.

**Pictures and background by
W. Forres Stewart**

EACH SUMMER Maryknoll seminarians head south and west for six weeks of practical training in needy mission areas. Working out of central parishes they keep on the move from morning until late into the night. They conduct catechism classes, organize youth activities, visit homes and hospitals, preach the word of God in streets and parks. All the time they gather valuable experience that they will take to their future foreign missions.

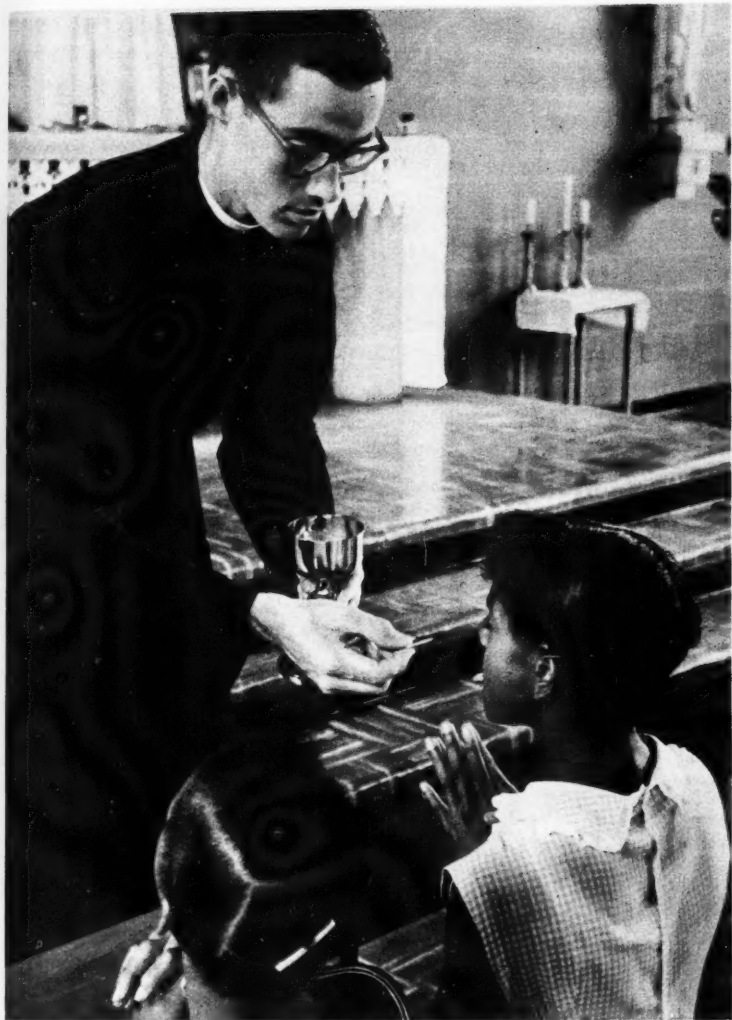
To Our Lady of Consolation—densely populated, sparsely Catholic parish in Charlotte, North Carolina—last summer went seminarians Edward Whelan, of Chicago, Ill., and Joseph Davis, of Williamsport, N. Y. Both these young men will be ordained this June. Both had previous experience. Seminarian Whelan had worked among Chinese in Chicago's Chinatown, and Spanish-speaking people in San Jose, Calif. Seminarian Davis had spent a previous summer in Birmingham, Ala.

Catechism class begins the day for Maryknoll seminarian Joseph Davis.





Sport programs organized by the apprentice missionaries attract Charlotte's youth to the church. Edward Whelan shows how to hit one over the rooftop.



Youngsters are prepared for their First Communions. Joseph Davis trains by demonstrating to his class the proper manner to receive the Sacrament.



Visual aids are used to make the doctrine of the Church come alive. The children are enabled to remember better. Maryknoll's Edward Whelan sets up a phonograph and slide projector for his lecture on the life of Christ.



Street preaching at night carries the message of God to those not otherwise reached.

The summer apostolate goes into Charlotte's hospital wards to speak of God's love for men.

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*The Padre saved his people
from a calamity
that was worse than despair.*

Miracle of the W

By Aida Nicholson Roberts

SEVERAL blocks down the street from the church in Jocotopec, Mexico, a large, iron pipe emerges from the ground, bends up into the branches of a very old tempesque tree (much like the American elm). From the open end of the pipe, a stream of water spouts out, splatters to the ground below and flows in a rivulet beside the cobbled street. The cows and the burros and the dogs of the village have learned that they can wander here, dip their noses into this stream, and quench their thirst. At night the men often bring a bar of soap, strip, lather themselves, and take shower baths in the water that flows from the pipe.

During the day the women of Jocotopec turn this spot into a laundromat. Dressed in gay cotton dresses, with their *rebozas* draped over their heads and around their shoulders—an Indian woman is never seen without her *rebozo*—they come from all directions. The Indian woman walks gracefully with a basket or a tub filled with the family wash balanced on the top of her head. It is the custom to kneel as they wash, and their prostrate forms beside the rivulet make blobs of color, in sharp contrast to the drab cobblestones of the street.

MARYKNOLL



eWell

Their hands perform in an acquired rhythm, with never a wasted movement. They soak the garments, rub them with soap, beat them on the rocks, rinse them a couple of times, and they are ready to dry. While they wash they exchange gossip, discuss the last fiesta, or talk about their children. Often they bring the younger children and, after the wash is done, give the children baths in the washtubs. There is no "coke" dispenser in this outdoor laundromat but there is a small table centrally located in the shade of a tree, its top covered with an assortment of drinks and food.

Although no house in Jocotopec has water piped to it from this well, there is the next best thing, a faucet on almost every other street corner. The people of the village, as well as those from neighboring farms, come with buckets, or huge cans balanced over the backs of burros, or yokes on their backs, and carry the water to their houses. Often the children use the faucets as drinking fountains. It is not unusual to see a four- or a five-year-old child with a tiny pail in each hand, contributing his or her small effort for the family cause.

Five years ago, the problem was not to find water for bathing or watering the flowers — no home is too poor to have flowers in the garden. The ur-

gency was water for cooking and for drinking and by the animals, upon whom many depend for their livelihood. As time went by, the situation worsened. The murmurs of "Something should be done," grew to a universal cry in the village, "Something has to be done!" Not only their lives and the lives of their animals, but the survival of the village itself were endangered.

The decision of the town council was that an appeal for help should be made to the Government. When the Government officials finished their survey, they were convinced of the need, but they stipulated that the village must supply half the money necessary to drill a well.

Jocotopec is a poor village, with poor people living in it. They had no money, and this became a second emergency until the Padre volunteered to use church funds. But he, too, made stipulations: first, the well must be drilled in the churchyard; and second, if and when water was obtained, it must always be available to the townspeople without cost. Drilling began.

The church in Jocotopec, as in most of the villages in Mexico, adjoins the town plaza. The plaza is not only the general meeting place—it is the market place, too. And on Sunday nights, the townsfolk gather there for the weekly fiesta.

During the drilling more people than ever found occasion to go to the plaza, especially on the side nearest the church. There was always someone there who knew just exactly how many feet had been drilled, and how much money was left to drill deeper. A look of hope was reflected in the faces of the onlookers, a hope that at last they were

to have water. But as the days went by, and the hole became deeper and deeper, the hope turned to anxiety.

At last the day came when all the allotted money had been used. The Government would issue no more funds, and the church had no more money to give. There was no recourse but to quit drilling; and that was, indeed, a gloomy day in Jocotopec. Sad eyes watched the riggers pull up the tools and, leaving an empty hole where they had so hoped to have water, drive away.

The Padre in his wisdom knew that despair is much greater after there has once been hope, and he did not want his people to be bitter or resentful over this new calamity. That night at seven o'clock the bells of the church rang with an urgency that caused the villagers to gather at the church. The word was spread that a Rosary would be said at eight o'clock; and in the hearts of all, there was a wonder for the reason. They soon learned when the Padre announced that this was to be a Rosary of thanksgiving to El Senor del Monte. Eyes glanced furtively from one to the other. Thanksgiving for what?

The Padre reminded them that they had offered prayers of supplication, but now the time had come to offer thanks for the blessings that were still theirs. Now was the time to let God know that there was still praise in their hearts for Him. God had not seen fit to give them water, but they would accept His decision bravely, with a song of praise for Him on their lips and in their hearts.

After the Rosary, the people filed silently out of the church, and quietly their feet found the way to their homes.

They were still sad, as they stretched out on their straw mats with their serapes over them. They tried to put their trust in God as the Padre had asked them to do, but it was not easy.

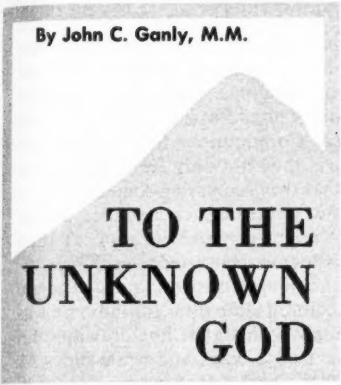
Old Don Felipe had rung the church bells for years. Each morning, at the same time, he climbed to the church tower, and at exactly four-thirty, not one minute before or after—he pulled the rope.

On the morning after the Rosary of thanksgiving, Don Felipe walked slowly towards the church. When he reached the gate he stood there for a moment, dumbfounded, not able to believe his eyes.

Water! The churchyard was a lake of water. God had given them water. He waded through it, raced up the steps to the tower and, disregarding the exact minute of timing, Don Felipe grabbed the rope. The bells started to ring. Clang! Clang! Clang! On and on and on. Louder and louder and louder—until the village was no longer asleep. In the dim morning light, and from all directions, figures hurried toward the church. They, like Don Felipe, needed to shed their amazement before they could feel joy. Water! They dipped their hands in it. They laughed. They shouted. They cried. Then a murmur spread, a message repeated from lip to lip: "It is a miracle! It is a miracle!"

The well had burst during the night, to gush water over the churchyard, and it has never stopped since. When the archbishop came to bless the well, he would not say it was a miracle, but he was sure that God wanted the people of Jocotopec to have water. The people call it *agua benedita* (blessed water), the miracle of the well. ■■

By John C. Ganly, M.M.



TO THE UNKNOWN GOD

GULA HILL rises from the plateau south of Lake Victoria, in East Africa. I wanted to climb it "just because it was there," as a famous mountain climber once said. The hill is buttressed by a gradual slope to where the incline suddenly increases to sixty degrees.

There is no path up the hill, but the thorn bushes had thinned out, and it was easy going between puffs. The hillside is strewn with rocks about the size of baseballs. I wondered why they hadn't rolled down.

A huge boulder, about twelve feet high, commands the highest ridge. I climbed this rock to look out to far horizons in every direction, except that of our mission of Sayusayu. At Sayusayu nature has her storehouse for boulders—mountains of them.

Dots on the plateau below me were people and animals. Scattered on the plain were circular, green kraals made of thorn and manila bushes. Into these Basukumas withdraw with cattle and goats at nightfall, for protection against

night-prowling marauding animals.

While I looked down, I remembered the beginning of the priestly life of Maryknoll's cofounder, in his native North Carolina. At the beginning of his priestly life, Father Price climbed the highest point in the State and spent the night there in prayer. At dawn he offered Mass for the conversion of his Tar Heels.

From Biblical times, there has been something that attracted men to "the high places." What is it? Does man's reverence make him seek an unfrequented place for his communication with God? Do we hope to prepare ourselves for the conversation by taking ourselves out of the presence of men and their distractions, yet at the same time keeping all of them in sight? Do we feel closer to God on a high place?

Scrambling down from the rock, I almost fell on the stump of a thorn tree. It had been cut off about three feet from the ground and sharpened to a spike. Four new shoots grew from the stump. Tied to these four new shoots, was a sheaf of new grass. Its proximity to the highest hill in the territory left no doubt that it was a pagan offering for good crops and grass.

In the light of what I had just been thinking, it didn't shock me. The top of that hill had seemed to me to be holy ground, and now I was sure of it. But I was a priest, and this was a pagan sacrifice.

"What do I do when I find something like this?" I thought. "They didn't teach me this in theology." I didn't pull down the devout pagan's offering. I prayed for him; I blessed his humble offering—his prayer "to the Unknown God." ■ ■

TALENT ADDS A NEW DIMENSION

A tape recorder, a palette, and a 35-mm. camera revitalize faith of Mayan Indians.

By Graham P. McDonnell, M.M.

HIGH in the Cuchumatanes Mountains of Guatemala, in the parish of Soloma, Father Edmund J. McClear has been staging a modern revival of grace among the proud, superstitious descendants of the Mayan Empire.

Thirteen years ago, when the Maryknoller from Royal Oak, Michigan, arrived in Soloma, there were over 5,000 baptized Indians within the confines of his vast parish. Only a handful, mostly women, were receiving Holy Communion. Yet within six years, Soloma was recording 50,000 Communions annually!

The secret? According to Father McClear, his "secret" is as old as the Church itself: the theology of grace.

"We devoted all our efforts to making our Indians grace-conscious," he says. "Again and again, we stressed the wonderful gifts of creation, redemption, and grace. Now, every time our Indians attend Mass, they want to receive Communion. If they don't receive, they not only feel—they know—that they're missing something."

But to create such a sudden awareness of grace, in so brief a time, Father McClear implemented a teaching technique new to mission lands—the use of colored slide film. Initially, he was content with simple line drawings, reproduced in black-and-white slides, by Father Charles H. Bryson, of Boston.

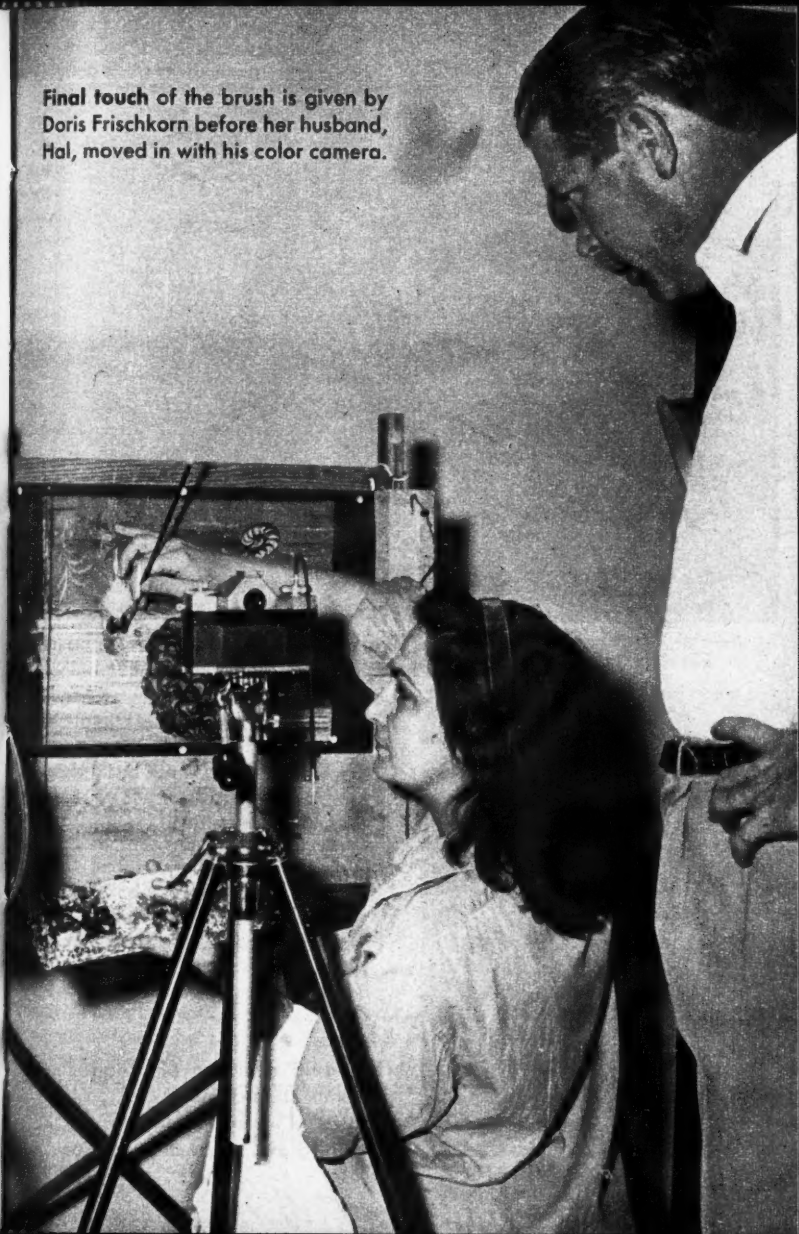
"The Mayas were fascinated by Father Bryson's slides, of course, but the impact of black-and-white was not strong enough," says Father McClear. "Ours are a simple people, illiterate and not very imaginative. To make a deep, lasting imprint on their memories, we knew that color was needed—bright, burning color portraying abstract doctrinal subjects concretely."

Father McClear appealed to a home State friend, Miss Marie Miller of Detroit—a graduate of the University of Detroit and a person gifted with strong artistic instincts. Over a period of months, he kept in touch with Marie via tape recorder, dictating his ideas for the full-color portrayal of creation and grace. After working out sketches on paper, Marie then contacted two artist friends—also of Detroit—Mr. and Mrs. Hal Frischkorn, who had recently converted from Lutheranism.

Doris Frischkorn agreed to begin the project immediately. One year later ("I worked every night, after our three boys were tucked in bed."), she had completed sixteen oil paintings.

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Final touch of the brush is given by Doris Frischkorn before her husband, Hal, moved in with his color camera.





Doris' oil rendering of the famous Biblical scene—Adam and Eve being banished from Paradise: she portrays the human soul as spiritual "heart."



This vivid depiction of Satan, the personification of moral evil, acts as a powerful incentive upon Mayas to remain, grow, in sanctifying grace.

Then Hal took over with his camera, photographing the paintings in Kodachrome, and packaging them into slides, which he mailed to the Guatemala Padre. (Hal Frischkorn estimates that he spent nearly 500 hours behind his camera, taking over 1,000 experimental photographs.)

In Guatemala, the impact of the color slides was immediate. Indians streamed into Soloma to see the dazzling "God pictures," blown up to heroic proportions on the screen.

The idea caught on throughout the Maryknoll-manned parishes in Guatemala. Missioners clamored for copies, and Hal responded by duplicating sets of slides from his originals.

Because of this pooling of talent 2,000 miles north of Guatemala—Marie on the tape recorder, Doris with her oils, and Hal with the camera—a startling, apostolic dimension has been added to the efforts of Maryknoll missionaries. Father McClear's project proves that, in those areas of the world where priests are few and souls many, strong visual images can communicate doctrine dynamically and effectively.

Doris Frischkorn expresses this principle, when she says: "No matter how young or old or ignorant a person may be, a picture that catches the imagination—whether a picture of beauty, showing God's grace, or a picture of ugliness, showing the effects of sin—one such picture can tell a story that is never forgotten. Even if a priest or lay catechist explains a picture's doctrinal meaning, the real heart of the doctrine is transmitted through the radiation of the picture itself."

Thirteen years ago, the mountain village of Soloma could have been quite accurately described as "pagan." To-



Marie Miller, transcribing Father McClear's instructions by shorthand.

day Catholic life is flourishing there.

One result of Father McClear's imaginative emphasis on the theology of grace concerns his former houseboy, Victor. As a teenager hired to perform domestic chores around the rectory, Victor had many opportunities to watch the slide-shows. He didn't say much; but when Father McClear noticed him receiving the sacraments frequently, he concluded that the constant exposure was taking firm hold on the young Indian. One evening he casually asked Victor if he had ever thought of becoming a priest.

"All my life, Padre, I've wanted to be a priest," Victor replied. "But I didn't think I was worthy. I was afraid. Now your slides have given me pictures of the thoughts and feelings in my heart. I am no longer afraid!"

Today that young man is Father Victor Martines, a diocesan priest presently serving as Father McClear's curate. What greater harvest can a missionary sow, and reap, than the ordination of a native son? ■ ■



No fringe on this Taiwanese surret! But Father Francis Lynch doesn't complain.

LYNCH



After days on the Yucatan trail, Father Lee still smiles.

RICKERT



In Peruvian Andes, Father Richard Quinn's iron horse is center of attention.

QUINN

Everything But Piggy-Back

DURING World War II, when gas rationing was law, one of America's major cigarette companies adopted a slogan to the effect that discerning smokers would walk a mile to buy their brand.

Maryknoll's missionaries, in discharging their duties on the frontiers of three continents, walk many miles—not for superior cigarettes, but for souls.

However, because our missionaries are products of a highly mobile society, most of them adopt less-exhausting modes of travel. Jeeps, motorcycles,

bicycles—these come to mind immediately. But in underdeveloped areas, where gas stations are as rare as paved roads, the animal kingdom has been commandeered. As a consequence, reports indicate that some of our missionaries have at one time or another saddled up on burros, horses, mules, donkeys, buffaloes, camels, and—you guessed it—even elephants!

No matter the mode of transportation, the end is always the same. The Maryknoller's quest for souls takes him into many strange places. ■ ■

On the Edge of Hope

By Vincent T. Mallon, M.M.

INEZ ESTRELLA DE PALOMINO lives in Lima, Peru. She is thirty years old and has been married for ten years. She and her husband have Quechua Indian ancestors, as well as Spanish. She has five children: Javier, 8; Hugo, 6; Teresa, 5; Manuel, 3; Gladys, 6 months.

Inez does not work to supplement her husband's income as a taxi driver. But when he was ill for several months,

she prepared extra meals for relatives and friends in order to make money to support the family. During that period, she also had to sell her sewing machine. With five children, she needs a sewing machine badly and hopes that she can get a loan to purchase one through the Credit Cooperative run by the Maryknoll parish of Saint Rose of Lima.

Five years of grammar-school edu-

The De Palomino taxi. It is getting old and needs constant repairs.





The family budget goes further when recreation is taken in a Lima park. Inez is proud of her children and keeps them looking clean and neat.

education have enabled Inez to read and write. She is a great help to her husband in this regard because he never had the opportunity to go to school. She wants all her children to have good educations. She would like them to become professional men, doctors or priests. She would like her daughters to become nurses.

The De Palomino family lives in one room. It is a large room, and Inez has divided it off by curtains, making two bedrooms and a combination sitting room and kitchen. She used to live in a bigger house but when the last baby arrived, she and her husband decided that they had to cut down on expenses to feed and clothe the growing family.

The apartment is very simple. The entrance is off an alley. The kitchen table and tiny kerosene stove on which she does all the cooking are on the





A small kerosene stove is used for cooking. The apartment lacks water.

right of the entrance. There is no kitchen sink or refrigerator. The bathroom is out at the end of the alley. She also has to carry water from a tap at the end of the alley. Everyone takes baths in an old tin tub that must be filled with cold water.

There is electricity in the house but the only use of it is for one lone bulb at the end of a long wire hanging from the ceiling. A small display of flowers brightens the room. There are no windows and the only daylight comes from the open door. At the moment the three boys sleep together and the little girl has her own cot. The baby has a crib. All the bedclothes are spotless.

Inez must keep her family on a very small budget. Her husband tries to

give her 35 *soles* daily for food and other household expenses (\$1.30 U.S.) but sometimes the taxi business is slow and he has to give her less. She goes to the open market every day (including Sunday) and spends about eighty cents there. She buys milk each morning from a vendor.

Inez begins her day at 6:30 A.M., when she feeds the baby. She has her husband's breakfast ready at seven. She goes to market before eight and returns in time to give the children breakfast. She then cleans the house and begins the noon meal, which is the principal meal of the day.

As do all Peruvian men, her husband comes home for the noon meal. When it is over, her children leave for school. Because of the crowded conditions of the school, they can only attend a half day, from one o'clock to five. After lunch, she feeds the baby.

On two afternoons a week, Inez does her washing. She uses cold water. This is one part of housework that she does not like, because washing outdoors on a cold day is painful. Two other afternoons each week, she irons.

When the children come home from school, Inez has a little lunch ready for them. She then bathes the baby. Her husband returns from work about seven for his supper. The children are usually in bed by eight. She and her husband never go out together in the evening because they do not wish to leave the children alone. They take turns, usually to visit a relative. Once a year, Inez goes to the movies. That is on her birthday.

Although Inez does not have an easy life, she says that she is very happy. She says that her husband is a wonderful man and that God has blessed

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Peruvian custom is for the entire family to take the main meal at noon.

her with five wonderful children. She is content with the five, but she says that she would never offend God, who has been so good to her, by doing anything to limit her family. If she had her life to live over again, she would get a high school education. She intends to make sure that her own children do not make the same mistake that she and her husband made as regards education.

Religion is very important in Inez's life. She has regular chats with Sister Rosa Dominica, the Maryknoll Sister in charge of Social Service in the par-

ish, and she has brought many of her friends to talk to Sister. Inez and her family never miss Mass on Sunday. She and her husband go to confession and Communion twice a year—on Holy Thursday and Mother's Day—as is the custom among many Peruvians. It is difficult to make them see the need for more frequent reception of the sacraments. Inez says that everyone in the family is faithful to his or her morning and night prayers.

Inez does not have much time for relaxation. Her household chores and the baby keep her busy. She has a

radio, but it is broken at the moment and she can never spare the money to get it fixed. She likes to sew and knit but again finds time a bit short, except to do what is necessary.

Inez does not have an active social life with other women, except those with whom she chats in the market or at the door of her house. She does not entertain in her home or visit other homes, except those of relatives. She says that visiting is expensive in both time and money. When she does talk with her friends, the topic of conversation is either about their children or the employment of their husbands. Interests outside of home and family are very limited.

The family budget for the De Palominos is worked out jointly between husband and wife. They talk over their

expenses and decide what they can afford. Her husband gives Inez what she needs for food and other family costs, and he keeps the balance for his taxi. The taxi is getting old and continually needs repairs. They would like to save money to replace the taxi but find it difficult to put any aside.

Besides education for her children, Inez hopes to obtain a bigger house. There is no privacy in one room, and she and her husband find it difficult to talk. She says that they have agreed never to speak of family problems before the children, and she cannot remember having an argument in their presence.

"If parents don't give good example," Inez said, "how can they expect their children to grow up knowing and loving God?" ■■

The family meets Father Vincent T. Mallon at Saint Rose of Lima Church.



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In the narrow alley outside her one-room house, Inez hangs the laundry.

My Most Unusual Wedding

By Gordon N. Fritz, M.M.

When the bride and groom sat on chairs, their legs dangling

I MARRIED Delfin and Maria in the little "Bishop's Chapel" at the Maryknoll Center House in Riberalta, Bolivia. On the face of it, after my eighteen years in the priesthood, that should be nothing to write home about. However, I never before had an experience quite like it.

Actually I had very little to do with the bride and groom, except to hear their confessions and perform the ceremony. All the apostolic spadework had been done by Father Paul O'Brien, so the wedding was a tribute to his indefatigable zeal.

Delfin and Maria live in a partially built house on the lot behind our residence. They drifted into it about a year ago, when the owner abandoned construction. The house has no doors, floors, or windows. It consists of only four walls of bare, adobe bricks with a roof overhead.

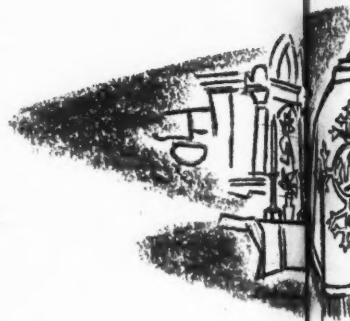
Even so, the house is without doubt the best one that Delfin and Maria have ever had. For a long time after moving in, they slept on a mat, prac-

tically in the open, and cooked in a series of tin cans. Gradually they fixed the place up, until now it is comparatively a castle.

Because of the proximity of our chapel, Delfin and Maria told Father Paul that they wanted to be married by the bishop. Of course, I did not meet that requirement. Since I live in the bishop's house, however, I suppose that I was the next best thing. Besides, I always used to wave at the couple as I went by their house on my motor scooter.

On the eve of the Feast of the Sacred Heart, all arrangements having been made, the bridal couple toddled over. Delfin—to put the head of the household first—is an old gnome of a man who looks like a combination of all the seven dwarfs! He is about four feet high. Although he keeps one eye entirely closed, he uses the other to dart quick looks in several different directions at a time. He is also hard of hearing.

As far as anyone can tell, Delfin





over the edges, they looked like children asking for cookies.

must be about 65 years old. The only measuring rod we have is that he had been living with Maria for nearly forty years. How Father Paul got the idea of matrimony across to him at all, is both a mystery and a miracle.

Maria measures about three and a half feet to Delfin's four, but comes up to him in all other ways. She is even more deaf, doesn't see too well, and talks in a way that might be described as Donald Duck with a sore throat. A lack of teeth does not help her vocally, either.

Some kind neighbors had dressed the couple in new outfits and led them over to the chapel. I heard Delfin's confession first. Forewarned about his hearing impediment, I shunted all visitors off to a far corner of the house before we began our shouting. When it was all over, I sent him out and signaled for Maria. And when she started, I was glad that I had had the previous practice!

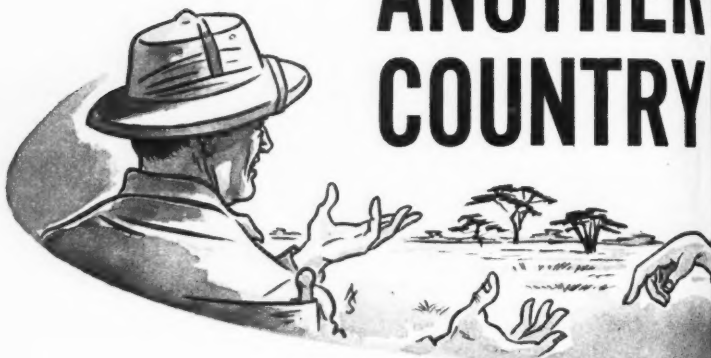
Finally everyone filed in for the great ceremony. Father Paul supplied

two separate rituals so that I could go right along, shouting from Latin to Spanish, with no interruptions. I'm sure neither the bride or groom heard a word I said, but they gave the proper consent by vigorous nodding of their heads.

At one point during the ceremony, both Delfin and Maria got tired and sat down on chairs for a while. They dangled their legs over the edges. They seemed to be much like a pair of youngsters who were sitting there, awaiting cookies. But at the end, I had them both kneel to receive the solemn Blessing of Abraham and the prayer that they would live to see their children to the third and fourth generation.

After the ceremony, everyone congratulated Delfin and Maria. They smiled happily. As I gave them rosaries, medals, and holy cards, I thought that theirs had been as nice a marriage as I have ever witnessed. And I hope to wave to them with even more vigor, when I go by their house on my scooter tomorrow. ■ ■

ANOTHER COUNTRY



By Thomas P. McGovern, M.M.

THE AFRICA of tourists is an improbable place; nothing grows there, except leather and metal and money.

Take a middle-aged couple like the Bentons, Hal and Lilian. They went to East Africa. Hal really had himself a ball: got everything he wanted—lion, cape buffalo, even the elusive leopard; grew a crisp beard; got sunburned on his knees. It was one of the few times in his entire life, he said later, when he felt really alive. It was tremendous. He meant that.

And Lilian was really a good sport. Safari life, even with portable iceboxes and bathtubs, is still safari life. Nothing had been more annoying than the tsetse fly, midday heat, and the sun-glazed dust. Maybe ten or fifteen years ago, Lilian would have felt differently; but now it was hard for her to be gay, with her bones aching and her skin dried up like paper.

But she felt it was too pleasant just

now, under the striped awning, to feel rancor at Hal or to hate anyone—even Barbara. Not that Barbara fooled her. She had her number: little girl lost under that wide, wide straw hat with the itsy-bitsy black ribbon...

"We had the nicest old African guide, Barb," Lilian said. "Hal and I called him Moses."

"Musa, darling," Hal said, with a thin, condescending smile.

"Oh, yes, Musa. Well, that old man was as clean and decent-looking as anybody. He waited on us hand and foot. I mean from early morning. When it was still dark out, actually, he brought us tea, real hot and strong. He couldn't do enough for us. From morning to night. I mean he carried the guns, the cameras, sweaters, everything. I even had him posing for pictures, you know—for a gag, with a spear in his hand."

"Weren't you frightened?"



"Of what, Barbara honey? The man was harmless. Civilized."

"That spear would have scared me. Suppose he had a fit or something. I mean suppose you insulted him."

"Insulted him? We were paying him! I mean he made out all right. Hal took good care of him. Didn't you, Hal?"

"How about finishing that drink? We're late," he answered.

"Relax, honey. You can stop playing big white hunter. Ever since Africa, Hal's become a strong, silent type, Barbara. It must have been those great, big animals you killed, Hal."

"Exactly. Are you coming?"

"Yes. I'm coming."

"I have to run, too," Barbara said. "Let's keep in touch. Africa sounds wonderful. By-by, Lil. And Hal."

"We're late, Lil," Hal muttered.

"What's wrong with you?"

"With me? You did all the talking. He was a decent old man."

"Did I ever say he wasn't? Did I call him a bum?"

"Oh, we paid him plenty, didn't we? That's awful! That's so wrong. He didn't have to be kind. He liked us."

"Hal, darling, you're not serious. You mean he wouldn't take your money? He just liked us?"

"Of course he took my money!"

"Then what's the story?"

"Forget it, Lil. Let's just drop it. All right?"

"No, it's not all right! I'm sore about this, Hal. It's crazy. I don't see why we have to make a federal case over some stupid African."

"There! That's it! That's just the point. He was not stupid. He was a real good man; as capable and honest a man as I've ever met."

"And now you're going to make him a business partner."

"Lilian!"

"Hal, honey, you're not a kid anymore. That African out there—well, let's say it, that nigger —"

"Lilian!"

"The kind of clothes he wore. His teeth were filed. His sandals were — But look, Hal, so what if his teeth were filed and his clothes ridiculous? Clothes don't make the man. Any fool knows that. Even a fool like me. But honey, they mean something."

"They do, indeed."

"If anybody wants his teeth filed, that's fine, that's his business. But Hal, I don't need to know him."

"You don't have to."

"But I did, and I was nice to him. Only don't insist that I love him! That's all I mean, Hal. See my point, honey? I mean it's I, your wife, talking. You're not even listening!"

"I'm listening, Lil. I see your point

It's just that I got such a bang out of Africa and people like Musa. Such a lift. I hate knocking —"

"Who's knocking?"

"It meant a lot to me, Lil, really. It was like, well, like something that I'd almost forgotten."

"Forgotten?"

"I can't explain it any better. It was like all the best things I've ever known, only better. The trees, the wet grass in the morning. Those lovely birds up there in the white sky. The eyes shining out at us in the dark."

"That was the best time, Hal; the night. It got dark so quickly, remember? I felt proud of you, Hal. Don't laugh! You looked so capable."

"I felt that way. I really did. You remember that afternoon when we came across the mission station with the tin roof down by the lake? I think he was a White Father. Remember?"

"I won't forget him. The front of his cassock was stained with tobacco juice!"

"He took me around his mission. We talked together. You were too tired."

"I was exhausted."

"He'd been in Africa for thirty-two years. He knew where all the good hunting was. He knew a lot. I pumped him like mad. The funny thing is, though, I asked him, finally: 'What are they really like?—the natives, I mean.' You know what he said? He said, 'I really don't know.'"

"Was he serious?"

"He was serious. He knew all right. But he was still learning. He said he

knew them better after five years than he did later. They keep confusing him. Then he said: 'But does it matter? They're men. They have needs, like you and me. We're all very much the same, at the last.'"

"At the last what?"

"You know. He meant that when a person is very sick or dying, he simplifies. He needs help, so you help him. Things are simple then. Why is that, Lil?"

"Why is what?"

"The way we respect a sick person. We help him, but respect him, too. Illness or death makes a person valuable. It's a strange thing."

"It's just that illness sort of threatens things. You fear for a sick man. It's like watching a vase tremble. You reach for it."

"Exactly! That's what he was doing. I asked him. I said: 'Father, how do you see your work here? How would you explain it?' He smiled a bit."

"'Everybody thinks Africa is so restful, so peaceful,' he said. 'I really don't know. I suppose I want to save a human soul, something precious in man, invaluable. His body, too. The whole man. But the soul is the delicate thing, the eye of the body.'"

"Knock it off, Hal. I don't like soul talk. It sounds dreadful! Let's forget Africa, Hal, or we'll be beating a drum and singing hymns."

"It kind of makes you think, Lil."

"You think, then, but don't talk. Come on, we really have to run. Where did I put my gloves?" ■ ■

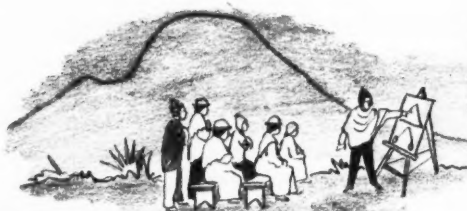
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I understand this does not bind me in any way.

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Age School Grade

MARCH, 1961

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March 1, 1960

Peru's Most-Wanted Men

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION CONCERNING THESE MEN, PLEASE CONSULT US



Juan Humpiri, age 23, weight 150 pounds, height 5'5", married, two children, Quechua Indian. Leader in the DC syndicate, with 64 men in his personal organization. Habits irregular. Neatly dressed, he appears in the better social circles of Puno. Also he has been seen traveling by sailboat to the islands of Lake Titicaca. Has confidence and loyalty of his followers.

Martin Choque, age 23, weight 125 pounds, height 5'2", married, one child, Aymara Indian. He is vice president of the DC syndicate. Alias "Baby Face." Travels a great deal by bicycle, always carrying a bulging brown leather briefcase. He is competent, zealous, and most active in the promotion of his organization. Has 23 members under his personal command.



Felix Cama, age 36, weight 140 pounds, height 5'5", married, two children, Aymara Indian. He is treasurer of the DC syndicate. Does most of his work at night from 6 p.m. to midnight. Covers a large territory by foot. Usually wears a brown poncho and carries a kerosene lantern. Controls with effortless ease the operations of his 31 men. Apprehend with caution.

MARYKNOLL

Emiliano Machaca, age 41, weight 130 pounds, height 5'5", married, eight children, a Quechua Indian. Particularly dangerous, as he speaks Quechua and Aymara fluently. He is usually found in isolated farm areas. Wears brown suit, no hat or overcoat in spite of all kinds of weather. Ready to sacrifice for his group. Personally responsible for 48 followers. Inspires greatest loyalty.



Alejandro Velasquez, age 31, weight 135 pounds, height 5'6", married, two children, Quechua Indian. Secretary of his syndicate. Always to be found about town. His job is to infiltrate jail and hospital. Speaks both Quechua and Aymara. This man always works alone and will be hard to apprehend. Dresses neatly and is a very fluent talker who is hard to resist.

Antonio Velasquez, age 28, weight 138 pounds, height 5'7", married, one child, Quechua Indian. Like his brother Alejandro, speaks Quechua and Aymara. He is the coordinator for the DC syndicate and has an office where he receives other suspects during the day. He also works alone. Is known to be without fear and is reputed to be very quick-witted. Very dangerous.



THESE MEN ARE WANTED BY THE PEOPLE OF PERU. THEY ARE MOST DANGEROUS TO ENEMIES OF RELIGION. THEY ARE THE Directors of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine in Puno. They organize catechists, control courses, teach people to read and write, and bring Indians to the central parish for reception of the sacraments. They serve God and their people. Many more men like these are wanted but funds to hire them are not available.



Beside the Stream

(each line)

For you there's no springtime robins
There is no golden meadow to make
Your feet do not twinkle in sunshine
You cannot seek fragrant blossoms
All childhood music is silent, and
As it weeps through dismal alleys,

Perhaps before the night falls, before
Some soul with deep compassion will
And open the door to the sunshine
And show you the magical woodland

But the rain and snow are falling, a
Are eternity in a moment. Your cry

Forgive us our procrastination with
When away from the cold and the
Forgive that we wait for tomorrow
Forgive that we laugh and banquet
Out of the God who made you and
Forgive each living creature who
Shares, but leaves for tomorrow
And fails to shine in the glory of

Still Waters

(each beggar child of pagan lands)

robin answer in your laughing voice;
maker heart rejoice!
dashing the grassy hill;
somewhere waters lie placid and still!
and one cold wind's sigh,
says, ends to your piteous cry!

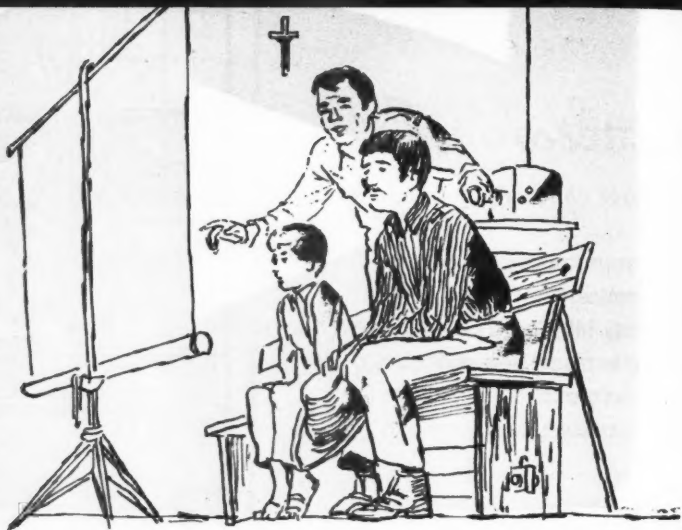
before end of tears,
on we away your fears,
shine the hills where flowers blow,
and where the beautiful blossoms grow!

g, anger's piercing pain
or cry all in vain!

with your childish charms,
the less you rise to your Maker's arms!
grow your voice grows suddenly still;
quiet darkness and hunger kill!
and we that gave you birth,
no still the sighing earth—
now this of another man,
of that other's eternal plan!

—Cassie Eugenia Dixon





THE CATECHIST: *a mission asset*

Some men devote years of time and labor in their search for precious metals, oil, and gems, buried deep beneath the earth's surface.

There are other men who devote equally as much time and labor, while they search for the most precious of all gems: souls for Christ! These men are the catechists.

On the four continents where Maryknoll missions are located, the loyal catechists have been responsible for

many thousands of baptisms and conversions to Christ. They know that every soul they help to bring to Christ is precious—even more precious than the most expensive gem ever mined.

The average pay of a catechist is only \$30 a month, and many catechists support sizeable families from this meager income. Will you, can you, help support one of these devoted "soul miners" for a month or more?

The Maryknoll Fathers / Maryknoll, New York

3-61

Dear Fathers: Enclosed is \$..... to help support a catechist in a foreign-mission land.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

WOULD you like to spend a day here in the parish of St. John of God, in Santiago, Chile? Come with me on urgent calls.

A few blocks away, a man went berserk. The scene was like "High Noon." Deserted street, shutters closed on all of the houses, but I could feel peeping eyes peering. Lots of dust, penetrating sunshine. A man in tattered clothes struggled alone. I headed to meet him, while shivering in my brogans, wondering what was to happen. That thirty-second walk seemed like the last long mile. Suddenly, we met.

The hand of the berserk man whipped out to shake my hand. He told me how happy he was to find someone around this desert—and how about a drink in honor of the occasion. While he downed his wine, I upped a telephone and called a cab, fearing that the sight of an ambulance or a cop would only bring on violence. Happily, he followed the suggestion that we head for another and better bar. Into the cab we went, with me holding tightly onto his right arm, in case his desire to slug me might become too strong. I never thought until later that he could have been a southpaw.

An ordinary day is planned, and the plans reach reality a couple of weeks later. We start off each day with a seven o'clock Mass for the Sisters and several working people.

Breakfast and the doorbell's ringing start at the same time. That fellow who used to hate the bugler would go berserk with the buzzing of the bell. One morning, I kept track of the number of times that it rang between ten and noon. Forty-nine times my rheu-

CRAZY DAY

By James V. Manning, M.M.

matic limbs struggled from the chair. Forty-seven of the callers wanted food for the children, and two needed roofs for their homes.

Enough of that—and off we go on our daily visits to the sick. One is an old fellow, rapidly breathing his last on straw in a hay-and-feed store. Not even a bed to die in, after all these years of his!

On the same street, a lady owns a grocery store. She asked my help for an old man, whom she does not even know but has taken into a back room because he is very sick and feverish. Between changing the diapers of her baby, waiting on customers, and trying to give the old man his medicine at odd hours, she was exhausted.

While she was busy, the baby prepared a banquet of antibiotics. Providentially, the mama came in before the first course. Our Maryknoll Sister-nurse went into action, and the sick man went to a hospital.

Man alive, this day practically fading away. And I still have meetings to attend, talks on marriage to future newlyweds, baptisms. ■■

Cracks Behind the Curtain

By Albert J. Nevins, M.M.

BECAUSE of the crucial condition in which the free world finds itself today, there is a dangerous temptation to project our wishes into fact, quite in the manner in which a drowning man clutches at a straw. Some of our political writers who should know better have unconsciously succumbed to wishful thinking in the matter of Chinese-Russian relations.

It is quite true that a great debate is going on in the Communist world, and that there are differences between the Chinese and Soviet approaches to communism. But to go from this fact to conjecture an imminent break or a possible war between these two Red powers is not in accordance with facts.

The important thing for the free world to remember is that the difference between the Soviet Union and Communist China is not a difference in principle but a difference of tactic and method. Fundamentally both blocs seek the destruction of capitalism, and both give faithful service to the Marxist-Leninist philosophy. To hope for a falling-out between the two Red partners is not realistic.

The Russians and Chinese look at communism from different viewpoints. Russian communism is rooted in social decay; for it was the unbalanced social conditions within Russia that gave it birth and strength. Chinese commu-

nism, on the other hand, is essentially a nationalistic movement, not social. It found its strength in national humiliations inflicted by the West.

The debate that is going on between the Soviets and the Chinese is related to the strength and tenacity of capitalism. Khrushchev, who speaks for the Russians, says that capitalism will die of itself; that it cannot withstand the economic, social, or political pressures of socialism. This is why "peaceful coexistence" serves the Soviet purpose.

Mao, on the other hand, believes that capitalism has considerable vitality. His theory is that the Communists must place positive acts against the capitalist system, and that eventually violence will be necessary to destroy it.

Khrushchev, in order to appease Mao, has begun to bluster more, of late. His wrecking of the Paris summit conference after he had called it, is one example. His propaganda threat to bombard the United States with rockets if this country should take offensive action against Castro, is another. However, in the final analysis, the Soviet's antinuclear propaganda, its constant "peace" offensive, its non-violent subversion of nations, demonstrate that the Soviet line follows the supposition that capitalism will wither and die of its own accord.

MARYKNOLL

On the other hand, China's acts are much more aggressive, as we witnessed in Vietnam, Korea, Malaya, and elsewhere in the Orient. While Russian agents in underdeveloped countries follow a moderate approach, Chinese Red agents openly incite to revolution.

The Chinese economy is growing stronger every year. It is over a decade of years since the Reds seized the Chinese mainland. The Red Chinese now feel in an economic position where they can work directly for the advancement of the Marxist cause. They have taken two parts of the world as their target—Southeast Asia and Latin America.

There is a steady flow of traffic between Latin America and Communist China, which should be of serious concern to all of us in the United States. Latin-American politicians, teachers, and other professional people are being taken to China on expense-paid tours in exceptionally large numbers. At the same time, cultural groups from Red China are traveling through the Latin-American nations and doing much more than putting on theatrics or Chinese folk dancing. In Cuba the Chinese agents arrive without any disguises.

China, with one fourth of the world's population, is fast becoming a greater threat to our freedom than is the Soviet Union. It is simply a question of time when the balance of Communist power will swing from Moscow to Peking. If that power continues its present aggressive development, the rest of the world will find itself in much more trouble than exists now. What such a development would mean to the missions of Asia is not difficult to conjecture.

No one of us knows the future. No

one of us knows what events may yet arise to change the course of history. God in His providence has His own way of directing events. It is possible that the traditional historical rivalry between the Russian and Chinese empires may at some future date prove stronger than Communist brotherhood; but at the present time, it is wishful thinking to expect a serious or lasting falling-out.

Instead of wasting time in vain hopes, the leaders of the West must prepare now to meet the new challenge that will arise from the East. Traditionally, Americans have looked towards Europe, and our defenses have been built against the Soviets. We cannot afford to ignore the enemy at our rear. ■ ■

MR. MOTO SAYS:



"Patience! In time the grass becomes milk."



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The Cloistered Maryknoll Sisters, Maryknoll, N. Y.

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By Sister Marie Estelle

Out of Their Need

THE people of Chile are renowned for generosity. They will give whatever they can. They will share whatever they have. From our point of view, however, our school children have nothing to share.

What has Juanito to share? He is the one crying at his desk because he is hungry, and he has no dinner today. What has Estrelita to share? She misses a day at school now and then, because her only dress is still drying on the line. What has Linda to share? For many days her only food during school

hours was the hot milk we provided.

But they have hearts of generosity—these little Chileans—and if they get anything at all, their first impulse is to share it.

Juanito has three brothers. His parents are very proud of their sons. Parents do as much as they can for them. They send them all to school—even if they have to send them hungry.

In Chile every year, on the second Sunday of May, there is a big celebration for Mother's Day. But until the Madres from Maryknoll came, no one

Maryknoll Sisters smile at generous hearts hidden behind such serious faces.



had even heard of Father's Day. We chose the feast of Christ the King, and started the boys working long in advance on little presents for their fathers.

Juanito and his brothers worked each on his own gift—in great secrecy. They talked often to their father, Pedro Domingo, of the great day, urging him to come to Communion with them. They were worried about this. Their father went to Mass, but they had never seen him go to Communion. It was a great temptation to tell him the secret of the gifts—to make sure he would come. But the boys kept still.

Pedro came. So did eighty other fathers, to the great joy of their children. They went to Mass and Communion together. They attended the Communion breakfast together; each had an orange, a sweet bun, a tin cup of hot coffee. The children presented an entertainment. Then—the great surprise—they brought out their gifts.

What had the sons of Pedro Domingo made for him? A little stool, a tie rack, a lamp, a picture frame. Pedro could not stop smiling. He had his picture taken with his sons and their gifts.

Juanito burst out: "Oh, Papa, we were afraid you would not come. We were afraid you would refuse to go to Communion."

Pedro smiled at his son. "You should not have been afraid," he said. "You have never asked me to come to Communion before."

Estrelita was in school the day we got ten sweaters to share among sixty first-graders. We had to pick the poorest to give them to. Estrelita, of the one and only dress, was not the poorest. She did not get one of the new

sweaters. But if you had come into class that morning you would have thought that every child there had received a new sweater. They rejoiced with the lucky ones, without jealousy or resentment. Their eyes shone with delight. "Doesn't she look nice, Madre?" We heard it again and again.

Linda worried a great deal about stealing the hot milk—but what could she do? There was a baby at home who needed it badly. Linda sipped at it while the Madre was around—and then she quickly poured it from her cup into a bottle to take home. I noticed it a couple of times. At first I said nothing. But I knew that Linda was very poor and needed the milk herself—so one day I "caught" her.

"Sister, I don't steal! I don't steal!" she said anxiously.

"Of course not, Linda," I assured her. "You can't steal what is given to you for your own. But why don't you drink the milk yourself, dear, while it's hot?"

She told me about the baby. From then on, Linda got a weekly supply of powdered milk to take home.

Imagine my surprise when I found her again pouring out a portion of the milk into the take-home bottle. Hadn't we given her enough for the baby?

"Oh yes, Madre," she smiled. "But I have found a sick kitten. My mother says I may keep him—but I must feed him myself."

I managed to get an extra-large cup for Linda after that.

Truly, the people of Chile are renowned for generosity. There is no need to ask: What has Juanito to share? What has Estrelita? What has Linda? They will give whatever they can, and share whatever they have. ■

JAPAN- WHERE TOMORROW MAY NOT COME

By Charles M. Magsam, M.M.

*What kind of future for a
nation torn between forces
of tradition and change?*

SINCE the most experienced missionaries are the slowest to claim complete understanding of the Japanese people, it would be very rash for a mere visitor of two months to attempt to explain the many subtle intricacies of their background and present psychology. Not all the whys and wherefores are clear by any means.

What seems to be clear is that the Japanese are terribly complicated in their psychological make-up. At once highly emotional and highly pragmatic in their decisions and actions, they combine a baffling blend of respect for authority, traditions, and law with a tendency to ignore the facts in certain areas. They can shout for democracy and freedom, and yet sincerely protest "the tyranny of the majority"!

Japanese may seem to be reserved and cold in public and towards strangers, but among their own friends and family groups, they are warmhearted



and affable. They can be properly proud of the ancient and very real cultural beauty of Kyoto, and yet disregard as unmentionable and untouchable the two hundred thousand ghetto dwellers in that city of one and one quarter million.

In any case, no one questions the fierce energy and resourceful initiative of the people. Many see the Japanese as the only hope of stopping communism in the Orient: they have the resourcefulness and relentless thoroughness to match the best of the Reds.

But the perplexities of the Japanese psychic make-up are further complicated by defeat in World War II and the subsequent impact of Western and modern civilization. It is nothing new,

anywhere, that the young should resent the past because they think the past is dead. But in Japan there is an added feature: people depended so much on the strong web of tradition that the plunge into free independent thinking and acting proved more violent and unpredictable.

Nevertheless, people in Japan, like people everywhere, live their lives in, around, and through their families. Marriage and family life are what matter; earning a living to give more and more comforts, clothes and gadgets to their families consumes their great energies. Farmers around cities supplement the income from their two-to-four-acre plots, cultivated largely by hand, with jobs in the cities. Factory workers often live in factory-owned homes—with many fringe benefits for full-time workers, but with an absolute limit of three children.

Birth control is encouraged by information supplied through multiple Government sources. Abortions are conservatively estimated at two million a year. But already the Japanese are taking a second look at these trends. Some doctors are speaking out against the physical and psychological disturbances caused by abortions. (Birth control is openly blamed by newspapers for the surplus of grammar-school teachers; and the toy industry and other suppliers of children's needs are feeling a major economic setback.)

To the casual visitor, there are three things that help make the Japanese a charming, likeable people. One thing is their great courtesy, especially toward visitors; another is their exquisite taste and simplicity in art that puts a touch of beauty everywhere; and the third is their fondness for travel, espe-

**Cathedral church in Kyoto,
Japan's cultural center.**



cially to view the cherry blossoms that envelop Japan each spring in a mist of pink beauty.

Perennially favorite places of traveling Japanese are the many elaborately decorated Buddhist temples and Shinto shrines. Because these are also national monuments, school children, who are required to make at least two visits a year to some national monument, are always underfoot. Some people wonder if religion among the Japanese goes any deeper than sight-seeing at famous temples. Is Buddhism any more than a religion of funerals and prayers for the dead? Is Shintoism any more than an embodiment of love of nature, of regard for family ancestors, and of following the impulses of the heart?

At least two facts give reason for caution about such conclusions. One fact is the vitality of Sokagakai, which is a revival of Buddhism, and of Tenrikyo, which is a revival of Shintoism. Sokagakai, being somewhat crude and fanatical, attracts fewer followers. But Tenrikyo, with its strong emphasis on faith-healing and its requirement of annually spending a week working at Tenrikyoshi, the great center of the movement, attracts hundreds of thousands of Japanese.

The other fact that is a reason for taking the ancient religions seriously is the massive block, the deep resistance, they still maintain against Christianity. It has been a centuries-long custom for the Japanese to add each new religion to the already existing religions; that is, to add the new without subtracting anything of the old. Japanese want to play safe with all the gods of humanity, and to offend none. Hence there is something of Buddhism

at every Shinto shrine, and something of Shinto at every Buddhist temple. Catholicism, by definition, requires a violent break with pagan traditions.

Regarding the educational impact of the Catholic Church upon Japan, Sophia University in Tokyo, staffed by the Jesuit Fathers, has a fine influence. It gives immeasurable prestige to the Church and attracts converts among men of future importance. The College of the Sacred Heart, in Kyoto, serves a similar purpose for women.

Kyoto will soon have a new college erected by the School Sisters of Notre Dame; and there some Maryknollers will assist with the teaching. Enrollment will be largely pagan, but this will foster a necessary and valuable contact with the right people, and conversions will result. The Viatorian Fathers have a high school of very fine standards. Maryknoll's Father John C. Murrett operates the Villa Maria Hostel for college and university students, outside of Kyoto University; he is registering influential converts.

In several missions, Maryknollers teach English in local middle and high schools. A few missions have kindergartens that serve to contact pagan parents and promote a good will. The school situation in Japan is unique, in that there is only one school—an elementary school at Nagasaki—in which all the children are Catholic. But pagan Japanese highly regard Catholic schools for their discipline, morality, and competent instruction.

The difficulty of making and holding converts in Japan could easily lead to discouragement among Catholic missionaries, if the latter were not sustained by the faith that is the whole reason for being missionaries. The prob-

lem of being close to the people is complicated by the dominant pagan mentality. To think like a Japanese, do you have to think like a pagan? A delicate problem! Then there are the emotional insecurity and anxieties of the people, which make them extremely difficult to admonish or correct. A Japanese may take a correction from the missionaries with a smile—and never step foot within the church again.

Finally there is the problem of ethics. Are the Japanese naturally highly

emotional, or is nature aggravated by the ancient Shinto dictum, "Follow the genuine impulses of your heart"? What happens to the moral sense of the Japanese under the impact of impulse? A book could be written on that subject, if the author did not despair of finding valid premises and valid conclusions. Is Zen Buddhism atheistic? That calls for another book! In any case there has been throughout Japan a rapid and widespread acceptance of birth control and abortion.

Maryknoll Father Hyatt greets "Westernized" woman of postwar Japan.



Businessmen say that it is impossible to be truthful and honest and stay in business. Nor is it helpful when Zen Buddhist monks declare that there is no objective reality.

The somewhat superficial character of Japan's worship and ethics surely calls for great spiritual depth in a missionary if he is to be apostolic. And to offset discouragement and tensions, there needs to be close unity among missionaries, not at a superficial level of casual association, but through a real exchange of ideas, a coordination of methods, and a mutual, friendly support. Apostolic isolation leads only to tensions and disaster.

Nearly all Japanese put great emphasis on the combined and intermingled web of pride and materialism. "Getting ahead" becomes, in practice, the real god who receives most of the incense. Christian humility is literally a stumbling block, and the spiritual life too remote and unreal. Christian integrity calls for heroism everywhere in the world, but especially in Japan.

The strong need of emotional compatibility, of smooth emotional relations with family and friends, plus the great need of their emotional support, make many Japanese extremely afraid to accept Christianity. For that usually means standing alone—apart from, and antagonistic to, family and friends. Some Japanese say that they feel already bound by so many obligations and commitments, within their pagan culture, that they fear the further burden of Christianity.

All these elements, and perhaps others as difficult to discern but equally influential, give some idea of why the Japanese are hard to convert and hard to hold; why the least excuse is given

for not coming to Mass and the sacraments, or for dropping away altogether. One of the major problems of the Church in Japan is the movement of Catholics from small villages and towns to larger cities—for many get "lost" in the process. This is further complicated by Japanese Catholics' great attachment to their local priests and churches, and by their timidity about forming new associations. The Columban Fathers established a new parish in Tokyo recently and were shocked to discover four hundred unregistered "lapsed" Catholics within the parish territory—a fantastic leakage caused not so much by lack or loss of faith as by a socio-cultural phenomenon.

In spite of everything, though, the Japanese in general have a high regard for the Catholic Church because of its sound and stable teachings and traditions, its impressive organization, its schools, its celibate clergy and virgin religious. The percentage of Catholics in the priesthood and religious life is two per cent—the highest in the world! Thus, the consolation of missionaries in Japan is not in numbers, but in the great goodness of the faithful Christians.

I left Japan after two months, with many unanswered questions, and a few misgivings. Of this, however, I am certain: if this great nation is destined to possess and cherish a Christian tomorrow, it is imperative that American Catholics provide the men, materials, and prayers that will herald the dawn. Opportunities present today may disappear within years, or even months. If we miss these opportunities, there may be no tomorrow, but only an agonizing, chaotic, unending night. ■ ■



Apostolic Visitor. Cardinal Agagianian, head of the Church's world missions, welcomed to Maryknoll by Bishop Comber, Superior General.

MORMAN





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Glen Ellyn seminarians quench their thirst.

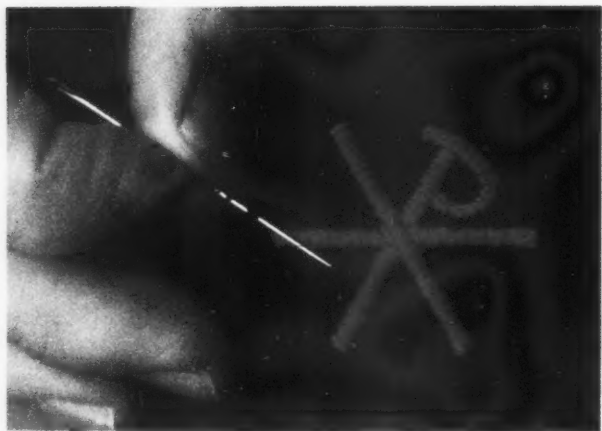
SOLANO

TWELVE Among the Best

EACH YEAR the MARYKNOLL Magazine conducts a photographic contest among our seminarians. The purpose is to encourage these young men to become familiar with taking pictures so that, after they are ordained and sent to the missions, they will be able to send us pictures depicting their people and work. Then we shall be able to use those pictures to show our readers what their help to Maryknoll accomplishes. Here is a selection from our most recent contest.

A study in patterns, by Paul Li, Glen Ellyn.





Big moment for the seminarian comes when he is ordained a subdeacon. He is then allowed to wear the Maryknoll emblem on his cincture. Father Thomas McMahon gives his impression.

Since Maryknoll students come from all parts of the country, many have not been in snow. At our Bedford, Mass., novitiate, winter paints the landscape.



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Lights and shadows make an attractive picture even in color.



Departure bell at sunset is a favorite Maryknoll subject.

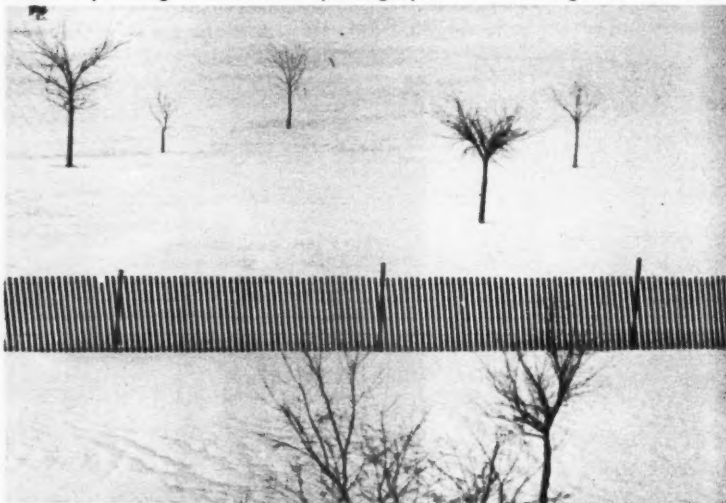


Children are popular models for our young seminarians' cameras.

The reading is not approved but the picture has considerable interest.



A seminarian at Glen Ellyn, Ill., Paul Li, captures the simplicity of an Oriental painting in this winter photograph of contrasting lines on white.



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A dusty road, two horsemen, and a seminarian's ready camera team up.

GYURKO

MOST of the pictures submitted in the annual photographic contest are taken at our various seminaries, and usually portray some activity. However, since our seminarians have a vacation at home each year, we get a generous sprinkling of domestic scenes taken while on vacation. Our major seminarians also help out in needy mission areas of the United States during their vacations. Pictures taken during those times have a mission flavor.

In a few years, all of these young photographers will be ordained and at some distant posts. We hope we shall be able to present then more pictures of their varied activities. ■ ■



Joe Walks Fast is a Crow Indian.

ZIERTEN

AN EXCHANGE OF GIFTS



*Even with wooden bears,
a beggar, and ceremonial
tea—man's inner spirit
can be moved.*

By Richard A. Ayllward, M.M.

HAKODATE is a port city on the northern island of Japan. It differs from other port cities of the world only in that the language is Japanese. The merchant ships and tankers bump against the docks the same way they do in other countries. The sea washes up half-eaten oranges and pieces of packing crates. And Japanese seamen lean against lampposts, just as Egyptian sailors do along the quays of Cairo.

However, I'll wager that no souvenir shop in any port city of the world has shopkeepers as affable as Tsukahara Jiro and his sister, Teruko. I met them one night when I had three hours to kill in Hakodate, waiting for the ferry to take me to Honshu.

It is rather easy to "waste" time in Japan; for the people are perennially

fascinating and the scenery is equally so. I checked my baggage at the ferry terminal and, with hands swinging easily, headed for the downtown section of the city. On the left, as one walks away from the terminal, there are clean-looking sodium-vapor lamps. That night there were no sailors leaning against them. It was rather still. On the right, side by side, are souvenir shops with identical merchandise.

I entered a shop that had neither customer nor visible proprietor. Wooden carvings of bears, from thumb-size to extra-large, were arranged all over the shop. They were clothed in a covering of dust that softened the ferocious features. I looked up and down the shelves and wondered if I would buy. The curtain at the rear of

the store parted and Tsukahara stepped out. His smile cleared the atmosphere. "You are welcome," he said, and bowed.

I grunted and gave a slight nod. I continued to look. Having walked around the display in the center of the store I was then facing the entrance. A beggar stood outside. He was palsied and his bowing up and down for alms made him appear more so. I took some money from my pocket and gave it to him. He thanked me but didn't leave. I turned and began to look again at the shelves.

"That fellow is a pest. Lives in town ... I know him," the shopkeeper said. "Pest or not, isn't it a pity ..." I began, half to myself.

I hadn't meant to reprove Tsukahara. The words just spilled out. But he went to a rack of bamboo canes and selected one. He took it to the beggar and gave it to him. I heard Tsukahara say in a slightly strident voice: "Here! Maybe this will help you walk."

In a few minutes he came back into his store, no longer smiling.

"That fellow left his wife and children for the pleasure of bad women, and now he is sick from it and can't be cured," he said.

"It's still a pity, isn't it?"

"Are you an American?"

"Yes."

"Last year I had two customers from Austria. They even wrote to me later from Austria and asked me to send them some more bears."

"That makes you an international dealer in wood carvings," I said.

He laughed at that because he was pleased. I took out a cigarette and lit it. I offered him one.

"I didn't think that ministers like you ever smoked," he said.

I laughed.

"Do you also drink?" he asked.

"Now that's an embarrassing question," I replied, smiling. "You shouldn't ask that. Or do you mean water?"

He cupped his right hand, grinned, and raised it quickly to his mouth three or four times."

"I occasionally drink to someone's health," I said.

"I don't drink," he said.

I reminded him that he was drinking a cigarette. (The Japanese use the same word for drinking and smoking.) He went to the counter along the wall and brought back a cigarette holder.

"Take this, please. I give it to you."

I bowed my thanks and told him that it was entirely too much for him to do. I knew that, in return, I had to buy something from him.

"I have seven priest-friends in Tokyo. They are studying Japanese there, and I want to take them some genuine souvenirs of Hakodate. I'll buy seven of those," I said, pointing to the small-sized, wooden bears.

His sister came from behind a drop curtain, sat down, and began carving names of customers on the paws of bears. She gave me a friendly nod.

"I overheard you say that you drink whiskey," the girl remarked.

"You didn't hear correctly. I didn't say I drink whiskey. I said that, on occasion, I would drink to one's health. That's different."

"But I'm glad to hear that you drink. I didn't think Christians could drink cigarettes or whiskey—or even dance for that matter."

I explained to her, simply, that the Founder of Christianity drank wine to

be sociable at the wedding feast of one of his friends.

"Should you like me to carve the names of your friends on the paws of your bears?" she asked.

"Foreign names are so long, the paws won't be big enough," I said. "I think it will be better to carve the names on the behinds. They are bigger."

We all laughed; and while still laughing, Tsukahara stepped behind the curtain. He came out with a lovely piece of Hakodate earthenware. It was a vessel for warming Japanese wine.

"Take this, please. I give it to you," he said.

"No, I can't! You have already given me a cigarette holder. You should hold on to that *tokkuri* yourself. You'll need it when guests come."

Teruko laughed loudly, but it was an upbraiding, rather sarcastic laugh.

"He drank too much and only recently has he stopped drinking," she said.

"Well, this time I've stopped for good," he declared.

Teruko nodded skeptically.

I bowed my thanks again, and then Teruko asked me for a Bible. I told her that I didn't have one with me, but that, after I should get home, I'd send her and her brother each one. They begged me not to forget.

Some schoolboys came tripping into the store but took fright at the sight of a foreigner. They backed out slowly, staring at me all the while.

"I think I ought to leave, or you won't be selling anything tonight."

"You must have some tea," Teruko said.

She asked her brother to get it while she would finish carving on the bears.

The tea was brought out, and we sipped it in silence. After the wooden bears were wrapped and paid for, we bowed solemnly to one another. Then the shopkeepers walked with me to the entrance of the shop. The beggar was across the street, standing beneath a sodium-vapor lamp. He bowed low when he saw the three of us, and we bowed to him in reply.

Tsukahara turned to me and said, "It is a pity, isn't it?"

In Tokyo I bought two biographies—one of the Little Flower and one of Saint Francis of Assisi. Although I had promised to send them Bibles, I knew that by "Bible" they meant any Christian book. A week later I received the following letter from Tsukahara:

Reverently: Hokkaido has at long last become warm. It was a late spring and will be a late summer. The other day your kind messenger brought us our bibles and we are very grateful. Thank you very much.

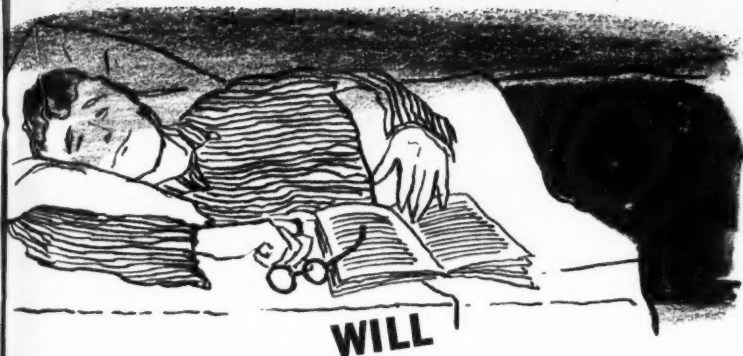
Tourists are now beginning to come to Hokkaido. This year towards the end of September I shall go to Tokyo. If I have time I should like to visit you because I want to be Christian. And Teruko too.

Today there was a big demonstration against the Japanese-American Security Treaty. Traffic was stopped for hours. If the world's politicians had faith, there wouldn't be war. And with no fear of war, even poverty is a blessing. I shall work hard to make people happy. Write to me when you have time. Keep your body in good health.

Sayonara

Tsukahara Jino

P.S. Teruko sends a special remembrance to the "whiskey priest." ■■



A Catholic Without Problems

This wise husband can very well sleep soundly tonight. Earlier in the evening, a lawyer dropped in and prepared his will—a typical Catholic will. During the year he had seen several friends pass on, leaving their affairs in disorder and without wills to give expression to their wishes. In some cases the bereaved were stranded without ready cash, or in painful uncertainty, while the legal formalities were gone through. He has made certain this won't happen to his family.

Let Your Voice Be Heard

You be the judge of how your finances are to be divided! No one knows better than you the specific needs of each member of your family. Let your voice be heard. And while your lawyer is drawing up the necessary facts, think of the Church and her chief works—the foreign missions. You can support the missions even after death—through your will. The prayers of all Maryknoll missionaries will be your reward forever.

**TODAY
send for
FREE
Booklet**

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll, N. Y. 3-61

Dear Fathers:

Please send me your FREE booklet, What Only You Can Do. I understand there is no obligation on this.

Name

Address

City Zone

State

A black and white photograph of a multi-story building, likely in an urban setting. Laundry, including shirts and towels, is hanging from balconies and windows across several floors. The building has a repetitive architectural structure with many windows. The lighting creates strong shadows, suggesting a bright day.

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ECLOTHESLINE

*The man responsible for some drastic alterations
in the familiar "National Flag of China"
is none other than the "Noodle King" of Hong Kong.*

PUNDITS, with some knowledge of Chinese family customs, once coined a phrase for the laundry jutting out on long, bamboo poles from every window of the nation's teeming cities. They called such laundry the "National Flag of China."

No visitor to pre-Red China could fail to notice the seemingly endless array of wash, so thick in some of the narrow streets as to keep sunlight from striking the pavement below. The sight was likely to remain in the memory of newcomers long after other sights had been forgotten.

In Hong Kong, at newly constructed, Government housing flats, put up for the tremendous refugee population that fled to safety from the Red terror in China, the varicolored garments no longer have a monopoly on the poles. Trousers and shirts must move over to make room for interlopers—strange companions, indeed, not even of the clothing family—noodles!

Through the relief services in the United States, millions of pounds of surplus flour are shipped to Hong Kong every year, to implement America's aid-the-refugees program. Often this assistance is the only thing that keeps a family from starvation.

Since the southern Chinese are rice-eaters, however, they have no experience in baking bread. Thus the wonderful flour from America must be converted into an edible form, before it can serve the purpose of the program. Noodles seem to be the answer to this problem. Noodles are easy to make, and the Chinese love them. Noodles are light to transport and easy to store. They are simple to prepare for the table, and together with a few pennies' worth of vegetables they make a tasty dish for a meal high in food value.

The representative of Catholic Relief Services in Hong Kong is Monsignor John Romaniello, M.M., known locally as "The Noodle King"! Until recently, he had been producing noodles in relatively large, central factories and shipping the unfinished product to various mission stations among the refugees, where they were distributed.

Since the noodles came from the machine damp (the flour must be mixed with water, milk powder, and corn meal) the noodles from each separate batch must be dried immediately if the noodles were to be stored for more than a day. Unless dried, the noodles have a tendency to become moldy and unfit for consumption.

Drying the finished product has always been the greatest problem. Usually, before the noodles drying on racks in the drying yard could reach the stage where they could be packed into paper bags, a tropical shower would come along and proceed to undo all the good work of the sun. Employees, whose efforts should have been devoted to the production of more and more noodles, found themselves spending too much time putting the racks in the sun and soon rushing them back inside the factory to save the noodles from a tropical downpour.

A solution to this problem, and a means of reducing transportation costs, presented itself with the gift of a noodle machine made by the Gaynor Transportation Company, New Zealand. It was decided to put this unit in

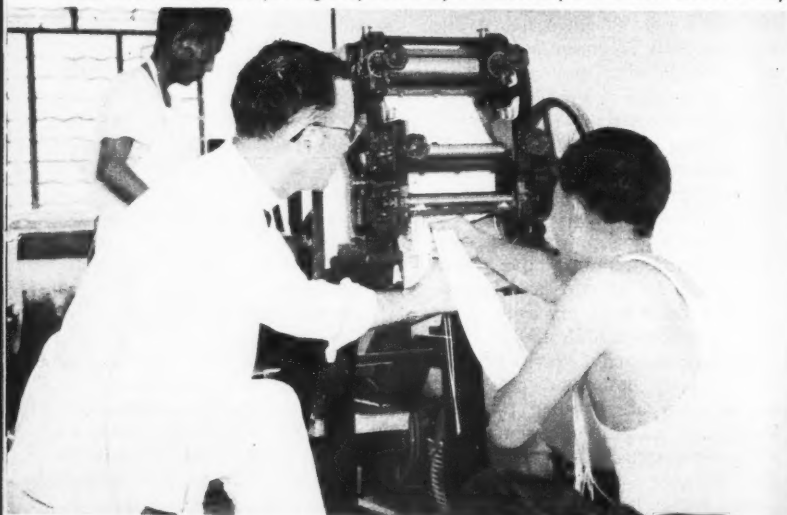
the newest Maryknoll parish, at Lo Fu Ngam (Tiger's Cave), and give the noodles to the poor at the end of every day, without trying to dry them.

So far the scheme has worked. Each day some 200 families receive about a week's supply of noodles. They come to the factory to get noodles, take them home for a feast, and put the rest of the supply out on the clotheslines to dry.

Tourists in Hong Kong are more amazed than ever at all the laundry flying over their heads. Now, upon seeing a slight change in the "National Flag of China," they ask, "And what's that on the pole, besides clothing?"

The simple answer, "Noodles," invariably leads to a much, much longer explanation. Oodles of noodles to feed many hungry refugees. ■■

Oodles of noodles (being inspected by the author) are manufactured daily.



Hoping...

... that God will call one of your favorite cookie commandos to a life in His service? Wishing doesn't necessarily make it so: as St. Thomas More said, "*The things I pray for, dear Lord, give me the grace to labor for.*"

Last year our vocation month advertisement brought us a letter from a seventh-grader. She thanked us for letting her know where she could buy our

vocation book for girls, **BERNIE BECOMES A NUN**. Her school library had it—she wanted a copy of her own.

BERNIE and its companion photo-story for boys, **THE MAKING OF A**

PRIEST, have been widely applauded both for beauty and for content. These popular titles are now available in inexpensive paperbound editions.



Maryknoll's new book about the Brothers, **SOMETHING FOR GOD**, may help juniors, seniors and men just out of high school to find their own answers to "*What can I do?*" And the exciting true stories in **ADVENTURES OF MEN OF MARYKNOLL** will help to make the point that God is looking for men with brains, brawn, imagination—and a sense of humor.

Now, during Vocation Month, you can take an active part in winning workers for God by getting any one of these books into the proper hands!

MARYKNOLL PUBLICATIONS, Maryknoll, N. Y.

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Please send:

- **BERNIE BECOMES A NUN** paperbound @ \$1.50
- **THE MAKING OF A PRIEST** paperbound @ \$1.20
- **SOMETHING FOR GOD** @ \$3.50
- **ADVENTURES OF MEN OF MARYKNOLL** @ \$2.80

Name

Address

City Zone State

Letters

Of the month

WE DO NOT PUBLISH ANY LETTER WITHOUT THE WRITER'S CONSENT

Recollection

Enclosed is a gift for one of those very poor Indian babies. We have a two month old baby and can buy him the things he needs. I can imagine what it must be when you have children and can't buy what they need. I remember very well the hard time my mother had when my father died in the Second World War. We are from a small country in Europe. I don't think the people here realize how rich they are. It seems to me that they are never satisfied with all the things they have. They want more and more without ever thinking that there are parts of the world where people don't get enough to eat. If we helped those people, we wouldn't eat one slice of bread less.

NAME WITHHELD

Sacramento, Calif.

Bishop Walsh

I was reading with sorrow concerning Bishop Walsh and how his brother visited him. Bishop Walsh's noble life and efforts should spur us to greater sacrifices in order that Maryknollers can carry out their consecrations in foreign lands.

JUDSON P. DEUEL

Biloxi, Miss.

Likes Pictures

I'm so glad you have so many pictures in your magazine. If you didn't have so

many pictures, I don't think so many of your articles would be read. I am eleven years old and I enjoy your magazine very much. I hope I will be receiving it for a long time to come.

MARIETTA MORRISSEY

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Veteran Member

This is my dollar to renew my annual membership in Maryknoll. I am eighty-two and have been with you since you were founded.

LEONIE LEMIEUX

North Dartmouth, Mass.

Generous Heart

I often read about the poor people in the MARYKNOLL and I wish I could send some money but I can't. Could you send me something to pray for at night for them? I feel sorry for them. I am only twelve years old and wish I could go to where they live and give them each a gift. Give my love to each of them. God bless everyone!

THERESA RASINSKI

Little Falls, Minn.

Opportunity

I was particularly struck by your mention of begging bowls carried by Buddhist nuns. In long conversations with Buddhism's chief patriarch in Southeast Asia, I mentioned his begging bowl. He said very simply, "Mr.

MARYKNOLL

Andrews, we do not beg. We give the opportunity to give." I thought of Our Lord's law that "It is more blessed to give than to receive." In numerous fundraising talks I have quoted the Buddhist version, "We give the opportunity to give." It proves strangely effective to remind Christians of something they forget too often, by recalling to them that non-Christians, too, know that the gift without the giver is bare.

ROBERT HARDY ANDREWS

Ojai, Calif.

Life Story

I'm a convert. My people were educated in everything except the most important subject—religion. I went to Catholic school because Mama didn't want me vaccinated. Being with such good children and those saintly Sisters, hearing the prayers and Ten Commandments recited daily, my Baptist Sunday School became nothing to me. At age twelve when Mama started me reading the Bible, that did it. It didn't make sense to me that Christ would start the wrong Church and leave it up to men, hundreds of years later, to start the right one. So my sister and I visited Grandma, took instructions, and returned home Catholics. I'll spare the details but Mama tried every Sunday to keep us from going to Mass. Well, we are still going and I'm sixty-six and my sister is sixty-two. Together we have twenty-three converts and do we feel humbly grateful! I would like you to send a subscription to a Baptist neighbor. She saw it and liked it. I try to let Protestants see us as we are. You can't imagine the ignorance here! But most folks reason things out if they have enough facts.

MRS. P. E. KELLUM

Huntsville, Tex.

MARCH, 1961

Long-time Reader

Although I am only eleven years old, I have been reading your magazine month after month, year after year. Many of your articles have come in very handy for school work. Often it has only been because of knowledge received reading MARYKNOLL that I get good marks.

KATHY KEBER

Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Advance Notice

I am only nine years old and I was trying to get this dollar and the last time I gave a dollar it was easy because I found it and this time it was hard but I saved it. We are going to move soon but the first thing I do when I get to the new house is to write you a letter and tell you where we are. I hope I am helping the poor and the missionaries. They need help.

JOHN HARRISON

New York, N. Y.

Substitution

We are both in the same class at Sacred Heart School. We were saving up for a horse but decided it would take too long. So for a better cause we are sending it to the missions. We are sending 30¢ for rice for refugees in Taichung, 60¢ for rosaries needed in Peru, 6¢ for bricks needed in Formosa for face lifting of a church. Keep the change for other needy cases.

KATHLEEN McCONNELL
NANCY CAMPBELL

Clinton, Ind.

Reflection

There is no one so poor as one who knows not the good God!

GRACE M. BARBER

Mattapan, Mass.

Bambo Wireless

LATEST NEWS ITEMS FROM HOME AND ABROAD

Father THOMAS P. COLLINS of San Francisco named the new bishop of Maryknoll's jungle mission in Bolivia. He was one of the Maryknoller's who pioneered the area after it was assigned to Maryknoll eighteen years ago. He will be consecrated this month in San Francisco. . . . Cardinal AGAGIANIAN has announced the appointment of Father G. FREDERICK HEINZMANN (Union City, N.J.) as Director of the Fides News Service in Rome. For many years he has been English editor.

* * *

Police in Date, Japan, ask Fathers JOSEPH V. MAYNARD (San Francisco) and WALTER KELLEHER (New York City) to help overcome juvenile delinquency locally. The result was an "after-hours" school and youth club . . . Reader's Digest preparing article on credit union work of Father DANIEL B. McLELLAN (Denver), now in Peru.

* * *

Father JOHN M. MARTIN, Maryknoll director in Saint Louis, has been appointed Maryknoll's Procurator General. He has taken up residence in Rome . . . Death has claimed Father AUSTIN HANNON. He served as chaplain to a Filipino regiment during World War II. A native New Yorker, Father was Director of Professed Brothers at Brookline, Mass., at the time of his death . . . Last figures on student enrollment show 885 young men training to become missionaries in various Maryknoll training houses.

* * *

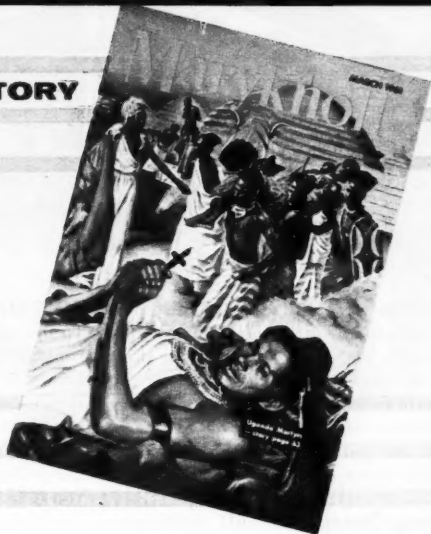
A rewarding book of poems, Round River Canticle, by EDNA MEUDT, contains one poem about Maryknoll and another about missions in general. This magazine had been privileged to publish some of her poems in the past . . . Two out of five top students in Hong Kong from one Maryknoll refugee school. Father CYRIL HIRST (Philadelphia) is head.

* * *

While home in Philadelphia on a brief furlough from his mission in Hawaii, Father JAMES J. MORGAN suffered a fatal heart attack. He once served as a chaplain at an Indian school in New Mexico and was assigned to Hawaii in 1943 . . . Father RICHARD DOWNEY, Yonkers, N.Y., reports that the medical apostolate is being used in 26 of 32 parishes in Maryknoll's Taichung, Formosa, mission. He calls medicine the best introduction to the charity of the Church.

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Uganda Martyrs



THE BLOOD of martyrs is the seed of Christians," said Tertullian, in the second century. The truth of his words has been proven repeatedly, perhaps nowhere so dramatically as in the East African territory of Uganda.

Pioneer Catholic missionaries went to Uganda in 1879. They had barely a half dozen years in which to plant the Faith, before King Mwanga launched a wave of religious persecution.

The King was provoked at Joseph Mkasa, his most trusted servant and head of the royal pages. Joseph, a Catholic, had dared to reproach the ruler for his immoral life and for his massacre of a Protestant missionary. The King had Joseph beheaded on November 15, 1885.

In the following May, King Mwanga turned his ire on the pages. He ordered those who were Christians to separate from the others. Fifteen young men, all less than twenty-five years of age,

stepped forward. They were sentenced to death. Two other pages already under arrest, and two soldiers, voluntarily joined the group.

Three prisoners died on the thirty-seven-mile walk to the place of execution, Manugongo. The survivors were imprisoned for a week while a huge pyre was prepared. On Ascension Day—June 3, 1886—they were brought out, bound, wrapped in mats woven of reeds, and placed on the pyre.

It is this scene, the preparation for execution, that artist Joseph Watson Little depicts. Before lighting the fire, the persecutors taunted the prisoners: "You are to be roasted; now we shall see if the God in whom you trust will come and deliver you." The answer came quickly, from Blessed Charles Kuongo, who clasped a crucifix in his hands: "You can burn our bodies, but our souls you cannot touch. They will go to Paradise." ■ ■

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Bedtime Story. Padre and his loyal catechist quite often travel far from the mission, making it necessary for them to spend the night along the way. To assure them of a good night's rest, they need two sleeping bags @ \$15 each, and two cots @ \$15 each. Who will supply these sleep inducers?

Spring Cleaning in PERU. A 300-year-old church needs renovating. Some of the items needed for this work are: ten lights @ \$25 each; 40 pews @ \$25 each; four windows @ \$20 each; 30 gallons of paint @ \$5 a gallon; credence table @ \$12; and a rug for the main altar. Will you select an item, and give according to your means?

Wind, Water, and Well. Everything is there except the windmill to pump the water. Sisters in a convent in CHILE need the windmill urgently. They can have it for \$150, if you care to help them. Can they rely on your help to put up the windmill?

Souls Are Precious. Finding, teaching, and developing souls for Christ is the work of the catechist. His task is difficult, but never boring. His pay is small, but results are gratifying. In BOLIVIA three catechists are needed to carry on this blessed work. Will you pay a catechist's salary for one month? It is \$20.

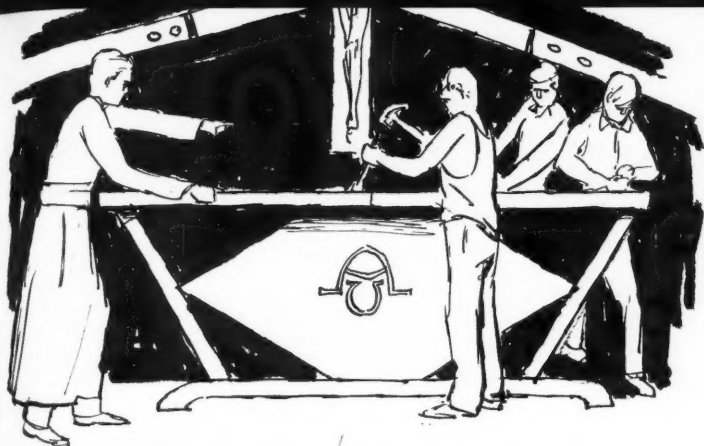
KOREAN Winters Are Bitterly Cold. To provide heat in two schools, a convent, a dispensary, a rectory, and the homes of some faithful workers, a missionary uses 20 barrels of oil and eleven truckloads of wood. Collections are far from adequate to cover the \$600 needed. Out of the warmth of your heart, will you help with this need?

Unfinished Business. Indians in a GUATEMALAN parish have worked long and hard building a parish school, mostly with volunteer labor. Now 250 desks at \$4 each are needed. Will you, in your charity, make a gift large or small, to finish this work?

Pride Is Justified when a young boy serves Mass as an altar boy. It is difficult sometimes to tell who is proudest, the boy or his parents. Would you like to make six boys, their parents, and a missionary in GUATEMALA happy and proud by buying six cassocks and surplices at \$15 a set?

Plenty of Room on the Floor. That's where the people sit to hear Mass, in a mission church in GUATEMALA. They are praying and hoping that perhaps you will provide their church with benches. It will take 50 benches to answer the prayers of these good people. Each bench costs \$10.





CHAPEL FUND / What You Can Do

Maryknoll missionaries around the world are celebrating Mass for millions of faithful natives. In many areas their chapels are primitive and makeshift. The top of a jeep hood, a discarded door placed over two wooden horses, and any other available means, often serve as an altar.

The Maryknoll Chapel Fund is ideally suited for our supporters who wish to contribute towards chapels in specific areas where Maryknollers serve. Only YOU can help us build chapels. Maryknoll has no money of its own. Unless YOU can come to our aid, the jeep hood and old door will have to continue to serve as God's altar. Will you come to our aid—TODAY?

MARYKNOLL FATHERS / Maryknoll, New York

3-61

Dear Fathers,

Here is \$..... which represents my contribution toward the Maryknoll Chapel Fund.

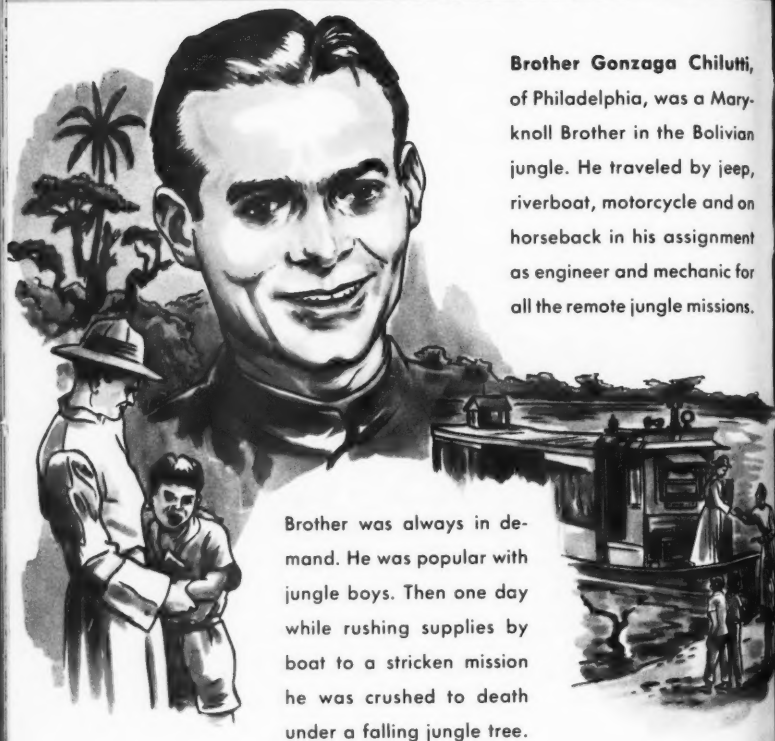
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Who will take his place?

Brother Gonzaga Chilutti, of Philadelphia, was a Maryknoll Brother in the Bolivian jungle. He traveled by jeep, riverboat, motorcycle and on horseback in his assignment as engineer and mechanic for all the remote jungle missions.



Brother was always in demand. He was popular with jungle boys. Then one day while rushing supplies by boat to a stricken mission he was crushed to death under a falling jungle tree.

Christ belongs to ALL the human race

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